

"A LITTLE HUMOR NOW AND THEN," Etc.

An Age of Competition.



Bertie and Gertie (finishing prayers): "Amen!"
 Bertie: "I was done first!"
 Gertie: "Oh, you naughty story teller! Was he, nurse?"

—Mooshina.

THE LATEST WHEEL FAD.



UNCLE REUBEN'S ÆOLIAN BICYCLE HARP.

—New York Sunday World.

Dealing In Futures.



"I'll gib yo' a quahter fer eb'ry one o' dem chickens."
 "G'loug! Hain't got no chickens."
 "But yo' will hab when yo' come back dis way."

—New York Evening Journal.



"May I have the pleasure of this dance with you?"
 "Excuse me, sir, I never dance with strangers."

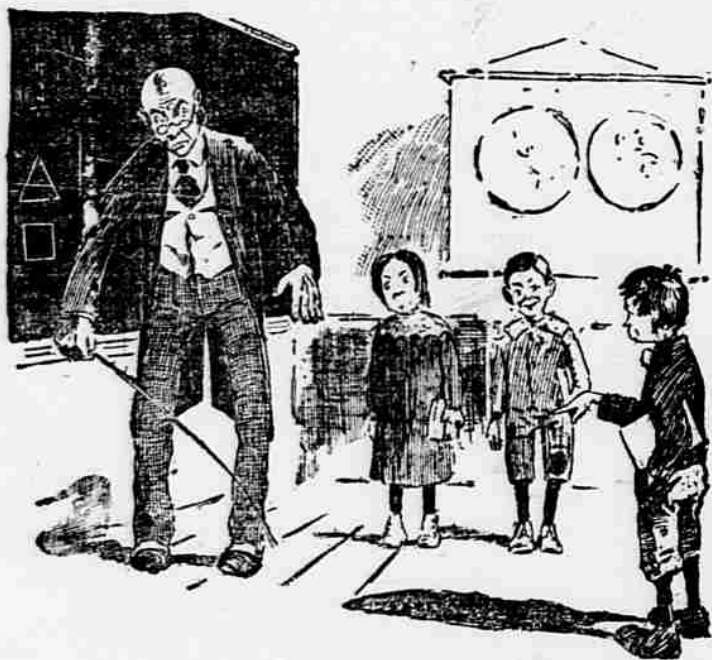
—Truth.



THE DARK AGES.

—New York Sunday Journal.

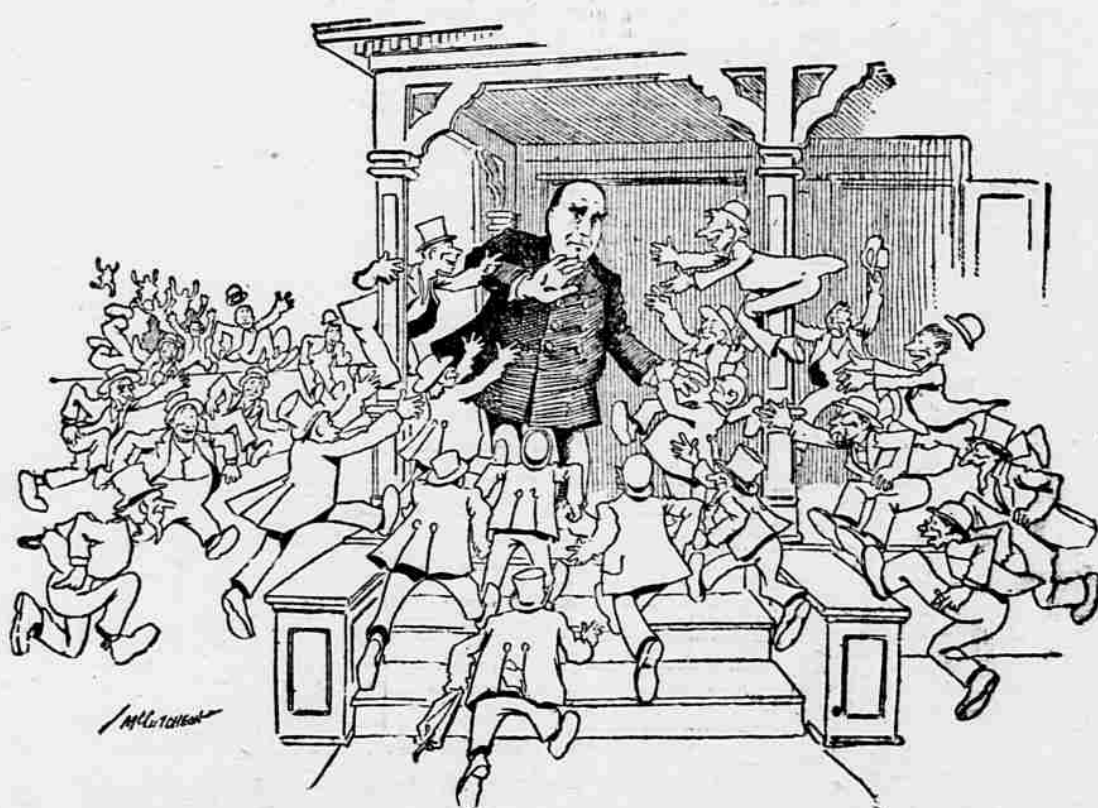
He Knew Which Was Switch.



Teacher (holding switch in his hand): "Now, boys, who can tell me what it is that 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?'"

Little Dick (quaking): "Please, sir, you've got a-hold of it now."

—New York Sunday World.



"THE MAN WHO DID IT" ARRIVES. A FALSE ALARM.



Mrs. Jones was certain she'd heard burglars. "Then—" "It's not gone, my dear, but going." Then they you may be sure my watch is gone," said Jones, when both chuckled, turned over and went to sleep again. he had lit the candle.



Shopman: "Yes (puff), mum, I can safely (puff) say that this article can't be beat (puff, puff)."

My Customer (buying stair carpet): "Then, young man, bring me something that can."

—Pick Me Up.



The New Minister (entering suddenly): "Oh, I beg your pardon, but could I—that is to say, could you tell me who is the master of the house?"
 Lady With Saucepan: "If you wouldn't mind stepping outside a minute, young man, that's just the point we're going to settle."



My name is General Maceo—you may have heard of me; I've some connection with attempts at Cuban liberty. There's one thing that I'd like to know before I leave this spot: You read the papers—tell me, pray, am I dead this week or not?